The image shows the front cover of an antique book. The cover is decorated with a complex marbled paper pattern. The primary colors are a mottled grey and a pale yellow. Swirling veins of black, red, and green are interspersed throughout the design. A decorative border runs along the edges, consisting of a series of small, raised gold dots. In the bottom-left corner, there is a small, white, octagonal paper label with black ink markings.

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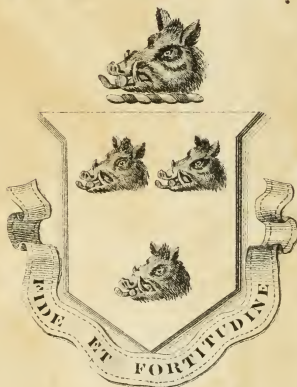
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Thomas Pennant Barton.

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Received, May, 1873.

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1812 Roy. Eng. S. L.

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1 c. & p. f.

N.A. in the form (cont. of the Br. Mus.)
In the S. L.

THE INNER-

Temple Masque.

OR
MASQUE OF
HEROES.

Presented (as an Entertainment for
many worthy LADIES:)

By GENTLEMEN of the same
Ancient and Noble
HOUSE.

Tho. Middleton.



LONDON

Printed for JOHN BROVNE, and are to be sold at his
Shop in S. Dunstons Church-yard in Fleetstreet.

1 6 . 1 2.

XG
3974
145

144. 836.

May, 1873





THE MASQVE.

THis, nothing owes to any Tale, or Storie,
With which some Writer pieces up a Glorie;
I onely made the Time, they sat to see,
Serue for the Mirth it selfe; which was found free,
And herein fortunate, (that's counted good)
Being made for Ladies, Ladies understood.

T. M.





The Parts.

D. Almanacke.
Plumporridge.
A Fasting-day.
New-yeere.
Time.
Harmonic.

The Speakers.

I O S. TAYLOR.
 W. ROVVLEY.
 I. NEVVTON.
 H. ATVVELL.
 W. CARPENTER.
 A BOY.

TWO ANTEMASQVES.


In the first, sixe Dancers.

1. *Candlemas Day.*
2. *Shrouetuesday.*
3. *Lent.*
4. *Ill-May-day.*
5. *Midfommèr Eue.*
6. *The first Dog-day.*

The second ANTEMASQVE, presented by
 eight BOYES.

Good dayes ——— 3.
Bad dayes ——— 3.
Indifferent dayes — 2.

The MASQVE it selfe, receiuing it's Illustration
 from nine of the Gentlemen of the House.



THE INNER-TEMPLE MASQUE.

*Enter DOCTOR ALMANACKE comming from
the funerall of December, or the old yeere.*

I Haue seene the old yeere fairely buried,
Good Gentleman he was, but toward his end
Full of Diseases, he kept no good Diet,
He Lou'd a wench in *June*, (which we 'count *Vilde*,
And got the latter end of *May* with childe;
That was his fault, and many an old yeere smels on't.
How now? who'st 'is? oh, one ath' *Fasting*-dayes
That followed him to his graue;
I know him by his gauntnes, his thin chitterlings,
He would vndoe a *Tripe*-wife; *Fasting*-day!
Why art so heauie?

Fast. Oh, sweete *Doctor Almanacke*,
I haue lost a deare old Master, beside Sir,
I haue beene out of seruice, all this *Kersmas*;
No-body minds *Fasting* day, I haue scarce bin thought
vpon a' *Fry* day nights;
And because *Kersmas* this yeere fell vpon't,

The Frydayes haue beene euer since so proud
They scorne my companie, the Butchers boyes
At *Temple-Barre*, set their great Dogges vpon me,
I dare not walke abroad, nor be seene yet,
The very Poulters Girles throw rotten Egges at me,
Nay Fishstreete loues me, e'en but frō teeth outward,
(The neereft Kin I haue) lookes shy vpon me,
As if t'ad forgot me, I met *Plumporridge* now,
My big-swolne Enemy, hee's plumpe and lustie,
The onely man in place, sweete Master *Doctor*,
Preferre me to the *New-Yeere*, you can doo't.

Doct. When can I doo't sir? you must stay til Lent.

Fast. ° Till Lent, you kil my heart, sweet M. *Doctor*,
Thrust me into *Candlemas Eue*, I doe beseech you.

Doct. Away, *Candlemas Eue* will neuer beare
thee i' these dayes, 'tis so frampole, the Puritanes will
neuer yeeld to't. Enter *Plumporridge*.

Fast. Why th'are fat enough.

Doct. Here comes *Plumporridge*.

Fast. I, hee's sure of wel-come; methinkes hee
moues like one of the great Porridge Tubs, going to
the Counter.

Plum. Oh killing cruel sight, yonder's a *Fasting day*:
A leane spinie Rascall with a Dogge in's belly, his
very Bowels barke with hunger; auant, thy Breath
stinkes, I doe not loue to meete thee fasting, thou art
nothing but wind, thy Stomack's full of Farts, as if
they had lost their way, and thou made with the
wrong end vpward, like a Dutch Mawe, that dischar-
ges still into'th Mouth!

Fast. Why thou whorson Breakefast, Dinner,
Nun-

Nuntions, Supper and Beuer, Celler, Hall, Kitchin,
and Wet-larder.

Plum. Sweete Master *Doctōr*, looke quickly vpon
his Water, that I may breake the Vrinall about his
pate.

Doct. Nay friendship, friendship.

Plum. Neuer Master *Doctōr*, with any *Fasting day*,
perswade me not.

Nor any thing belongs to *Ember-weeke*.

And if I take against a thing, I'me stomackfull,

I was borne an *Anabaptist*, a fell foe,

To fish and Fridayes, Pig's my absolute Sweetheart.

And shall I wrong my Loue, and cleaue to Saltfish!

Commit adulterie with an Egge and Butter? (sir?)

Doct. Well setting this apart, whose water's this

Plum. Oh, thereby hangs a tale, my M. *Kersmasses*.

It is his water, sir, hee's drawing on.

Doct. *Kersmas*? why let me see,

I saw him very lustie a *Twelfe-night*.

Plum. I, that's true, sir, but then he tooke his bane,

With chusing King and Queene;

Ha's made his Will already, here's the Copie.

Doct. And what ha's he giuen away, let mee see,

Plumbroth.

Plum. He could not giue away much, sir, his chil-
dren haue so consumed him before hand.

The last WILL and TESTAMENT of
KERSMAS, Irrenewable.

Read;

I*N primis* I giue and bequeath to my second Sonne
In, and *In*; his perpetuall Lodging i^t the Kinges
bench, and his Ordinarie out of the Basket.

Plum. A sweete allowance for a second brother.

Item, I giue to my yongest Sonnes *Gleeke* and *Primiste*, the full consuming of Nights and Dayes, and
Wiues and Children, together with one secret gift,
that is, neuer to giue ouer, while they haue a pennie.

Plum. And if e're they doe, Ile be hangd.

For the possession of all my Lands, Mannors,
Mannor-houses, I leaue them full and wholly to
my eldest Sonne, *Noddie*, whom during his mino-
ritie, I commit to the custodie of a paire of Knaues
and one and thirtie?

Plum. There's Knaues enow a conscience to coo-
zen one Foole.

Item, I giue to my eldest Daughter, *Tickle mee*
quickly, and to her sister my *Ladies Hole*, free leaue to
shift for themselues, either in Court, City, or Country.

Plum. We thanke him heartily.

Item, I leaue to their old Aunt, *my Sow h'as Pigd*,
a Litter of Curtizans to breede vp for Shroue-tide.

Plum. They wil be good ware in Lent, when flesh
is forbid by Proclamation.

Item, I giue to my Nephew *Gambols*, commonly
cald

cald by the name of *Kersmas Gambols*, all my *Cattle*,
Horse and *Mare*, but let him shooe 'em him selfe.

Plum. I ha' seene him shooe the *Mare* fortie times
ouer.

Also, I bequeath to my Coozen-Germane *Wassel-
Bowe*, borne of Dutch Parents, the Priuiledge of a
free *Denizen*, that is, to be drunke with *Scotch-Ale*, or
English-Beere: and lastly, I haue giuen by word of
mouth, to poore Blind man *Busse*, a flap with a Foxe-
taylor.

Plam. I, so h'as giuen 'em all for ought I see.
But now what thinke you of his Water, sir?

Doct. Well he may linger out till *Candlemas*:
But ne're recover it.

Fast. Would he were gone once,
I should be more respected. *Enter New-yeere.*

Doct. Here's *New-yeere*?

Plum. I haue ne're a gift to giue him, Ile be gone.

Doct. Mirth & a healthful time fil all your dayes.
Looke freshly, Sir.

New-Y. I cannot, Master *Doct.*
My fathers death sets the Spring backward i' me.
For ioy and comfort yet, I'me now betweene
Sorrow and ioy, the Winter and the Spring.
And as Time gathers freshnesse in it's season,
No doubt Affects will be subdued with reason.

Doct. Y'aue a braue mind to work on, vse my rules,
And you shall cut a Caper in *November*,
When other yeeres your Grandfathers lay bedrid.

New-Y. What's he, that looks so piteously, and
shakes so?

Fast. A *Fasting-day*?

New-r. How's that?

Doct. A foolish *Fasting-day*,

An vnseasonable cock scomb, seeks now for a seruice,
Ha's hunted vp and downe, ha's beene at Court;
And the Long-Porter broke his head a'crosse there,
He had rather see the Deuill, for this he sayes;
He ne're grew vp so tall with *Fasting-dayes*,
I would not for the price of all my *Almanacks*;
The Guard had tooke him there, they would ha' beate
out his braines with *Bombards*.

I bade him stay till *Lent*, and now he whimpers;
He would to *Rome* forsooth, that's his last refuge,
But would trie awhile,
How well he should be vs'd in *Lancashire*.

New-r. He was my Fathers seruant,
That he was, sir.

Doct. Tis here vpon Record?

Fast. I seru'd him honestly, and cost him little.

Doct. I, Ile besworne for that.

Fast. Those were the Times, sir,
That made your Predecessors rich, and able
To lay vp more for you, and since poore *Fasting-daies*
Were not made reckoning on, the pamperd flesh
H'as plaide the knaue, Maides haue had fuller bellies,
Those meales that once were sau'd, haue stird, & lept,
And begot Bastards, and they must be kept,
Better keepe *Fasting-dayes*, your selfe may tell you,
And for the profit of purse, backe and belly?

Doct. I neuer yet heard Truth better whin'de out.

New-r. Thou shalt not al be lost, nor for vainglorie
Greedi-

Greedily welcom'd, wee'le begin with Vertue,
As we may hold with't, that do's Vertue right.
Set him downe, Sir, for *Candlemas Eue* at night.

Fast. Well, better late then neuer.
This is my comfort, I shall come to make
All the Fat Rogues goe to bed supperlesse,
Get dinners where they can.

New-Y. How now? what's he?

Doct. Tis old *Time*, Sir, that belongd
To all your Predecessors.

New-Y. Oh I honour
That Reuerend Figure, may I euer thinke
How precious thou 'rt in youth, how rarely
Redeemd in Age.

Time Obserue, you haue *Times* seruice.
There's all in brieve. *Enter the first Antemasque.*

New-Y. Hah? *Doct.*? What are these?

Time The Rabble that I pitie, these I haue seru'd
But few or none haue euer obseru'd me, (too,
Amongst this dissolute Route; *Candlemas day!*
I'me sorie to see him so ill associated?

Doct. Why that's his cause of cōming to cōplaine,
Because *Shrouetuesday* this yeere dwels so neere him.
But ti's his place he cannot be remou'd.

You must be patient, *Candlemas*, and brooke it.
This Rabble, Sir, *Shrouetuesday*, hungrie *Lent*,
Ill *May-day*, *Midsummer Eue*, and the first *Dogge-day*,
Come to receiue their places due by custome,
And that they build vpon.

New-Y. Giue 'em their charge, and then admit 'em.

Doct. I will doo't in Cone.

Stand forth *Shrouetuesday*, one'a the silenc't Bricke-
Layers,

Tis in your charge to pull downe Bawdyhouses,
To set your Tribe a worke, cause spoyle in *Shorditch*,
And make a Dangerous Leake there, deface Turnbul,
And tickle Codpiece Rowe, ruine the Cockpit, the
Poore Players ne're thriud in't, a my Cōscience some
Queane pist vpon the first Bricke;
For you, leane Lent, be sure you vtter first
Your rotten Herrings and keepe vp your best
Till they be rotten, then ther's no deceit
When they be all alike. You *Ill-Mayday*,
Be as vnruley a Rascall as you may,
To stirre vp Deputy Double Diligence,
That comes perking forth with Halberts:
And for you *Midfomer Eue*, that watches warmest,
Be but sufficiently drunke, and y'are well harnest,
You *Dogday*!

Dogd. Woh.

Dof. A churlish maundring Rogue,
You must both beg and rob, curse and collogue,
In cooler Nights the Barne with Doxies fill,
In Haruest lye in Haycock with your Iill.
They haue all their charge.

New.Y. You haue gin't at the wrong end,

Dof. To bid'em sin's the way to make e'm mend,
For what they are forbid, they run to head-long.
I ha' cast their Inclinations, now your seruice,
To draw fresh bloud into your Mrs. cheekes, slaues!

*The first Dance, and first Ante-Masque,
consisting of these six Rude ones.*

Exeunt.

New-Y. What scornfull lookes the Abusiue Villaines threw,

Vpon the reuerend forme and face of Time!
Me thought it appear'd sorry, and went angry.

Doct. 'Tis still your seruant.

New-Y. How now? what are these?

Doct. These are your Good Dayes, and your Bad Dayes, Sir,

Those your Indifferent dayes, nor good, nor bad.

New-Y. But is here all?

Doct. A wonder there's so many.

How these broke loose, euery one stops their passage,
And makes inquiry after 'em.

This Farmer will not cast his seed ith' ground
Before he looke in *Bretnor*; there he finds
Some word which hee hugs happily, as, Ply the Box,
Make Hay betimes, It falls into thy Mouth.

A punctuall Lady will not paint forsooth
Vpon his Criticall dayes, twill not hold well,
Nor a nice Citie-Wedlocke eate fresh Herring,
Nor Perriwinkles;

Although she long for both, if the word be that day,
Gape after Gudgins, or some fishing phrase.

A Scriueners Wife wil not intreat the Mony-master
That lyes ith' house, and gets her Husbonds children
To furnish a poore Gentlemans Extremes,
If she find, *Nihil* in a Bagge, that morning,

And

And so of thousand follies, these suffice
To shew you Good, Bad, and Indifferent Dayes,
And all haue their Inscriptions, here's, Cock a Hoop,
This the Geere cottens, and this, Faint Heart, neuer-
These, noted Blacke for Badnesse, Rods in pisse.
This, Post for Puddings, this Put vp thy Pipes,
These blacke and white indifferently inclining
To both their natures, neither Full nor Fasting,
In Dock, out Nettle, — Now to your motion,
Blacke Knaues, and white Knaues, and you parcell
Two hypocriticall party-colour'd Varlets, (Rascals,
That play o' both hands.

*Here the second Dance, and last Ante-
Masque: Eight Boyes, habited accor-
ding to their former Cha-
racters.*

The three *Good Dayes*, attyred all in white Gar-
ments, sitting close to their bodies, their *Inscriptions*
on their Breasts.

On the first.

Cocke a Hoop.

On the second.

The Geere Cottens.

On

On the third.

Faint Heart Neuer.

The three *Bad Dayes* all in blacke Garments, their Faces blacke, and their Inscriptions.

On the first.

Rods in Pisse.

On the second.

Post for Puddings.

On the third.

Put up thy Pipes.

The Indifferent Dayes.

In Garments halfe white, halfe blacke, their Faces seamd with that party Colour, and their Inscriptions.

The first.

Neither full nor Fasting.

The second.

In Docke, out Nettle.

C

These

These hauing purchasde a Smile from the Cheekes
of many a Beautie, by their Ridiculous Figures, van-
nish, proud of that Treasure.

Doct. I see these pleasures of low Births and Na-
tures,

Adde little freshnesse to your cheeks, I pittie you,
And can no longer now conceale from you,
Your happy *Omen*, Sir, Blessings draw neere you,
I will disclose a Secret in *Astrologie*,
By the sweet Industry of *Harmonie*,
Your white and glorious friend;
Eu'n very Deities haue conspir'd, to grace
Your faire Inauguration, here I find it,
Tis cleere in Art,
The minute, nay, the point of Time's ariu'd,
Me thinkes the blessings touch you, now they're felt,
Sir.

*At which loud Musicke heard the first Cloud
vanishing, Harmony is discovered
with her sacred Quire.*

The first Song.

Har. **N**ew-yeere, New-yeere! harken to me,
I am sent downe
To crowne
Thy wishes, with me,
Thy faire desires in Vertues Court are fil'de,
The goodnesse of thy thought,
This blessed worke hath wrought,

Time

Time shall be reconcilde:

Thy Spring shall in all sweets abound,
Thy Sommer shall be cleere and sound,
Thy Autumne swell the Barne and Loft,
With Corne and fruits, ripe, sweet and soft,
And in thy Winter, when all goe,
Thou shalt depart as white as Snow.

Then a second Cloud vanishing, the Masquers themselves
discouered, sitting in Arches of Clouds,
being nine in Number, Heroes Deified
for their Vertues.

The Song goes on.

Behold, behold, harke, harken to me,
Glories come downe,
To crowne
Thy wishes, with me,
Bright Heroes in lasting Honour spher'd
Vertues eternall Spring,
(By making Time their King.)

See, they're beyond Time reachd.
Yet in their loue to humane good,
In which estate themselves once stood,
They all descend to haue their worth
Shine, to Imitation, forth:
And by their Motion, Light and Loue,
To Show how after Times should moue!

Then the Masquers descending, set to their
first Dance.

The second Song.

Har. **M**oue on, Moue on, be still the same,
You Beauteous Sonnes of Brightnesse,
You adde to Honour Spirit and Flame,
To Vertue, Grace, and Whitenesse;
You, whose euery little motion
May learne Strictnesse more Denotion,
Euery Pace, of that high worth,
It treads a faire Example forth;
Quickens a Vertue, makes a Storie,
To your owne Heroick Glorie,
May your three times thrice Blest Number
Rayse Merit from his Ancient S'lumber;
Moue on, Moue on, &c.

Then they order themselues for their second Dance, after which,

The third Song.

See, whether Fate hath lead you, (Lamps of Honour)
(For Goodnesse brings her owne reward vpon her)
Looke, turne your Eyes, & then conclude, commending,
And say, you haue lost no Worth by your Descending,
Behold a Heauen about you, Spheres more plentie,
There, for one Luna, here shines Ten,
And for one Venus, Twentie;
Then Heroes, double both your Fame and Light,
Each chuse his Starre, and full adorne this Night.

At

At which, the Masquers make choice
of their Ladyes, and
Dance.

Time, thus closing all.

Time. *The Morning gray,
Bids, come away,
Euery Lady should begin
To take her Chamber, for the Stars are in:*

Then making his honour to the Ladies.

*Live Long the Miracles of Times and Teeres,
Till with those Heroes, You sit fixt in Spheres.*

FINIS.

At which, the President and
of their friends, and
the

They, then, singing

Then, the singing

and

and

Then, the singing

Then, the singing

The President, then, of the
the

FINIS

reys 5/23/39

